very baltismal font, for the name bestowed won her, Mehitable Hopkins, was enough to make a spinster of the loveliest girl ever born. When she left school they bore her off to Europe, where, while her five years of travel gave her an excellent knowledge of men in the composite, man as an individual wis entirely unknown to her.
Then followed her father's death and
mother's long years of illness, when all
the daugher's thoughts and energies were congestrated on the sick room. Finally, to complete the bands which all her life had been forged to keep her in single blesedness, she found herself and not a sign of a near relative with whom to share it. So that she hadn't even that questionable excuse of be coming married for the sake of a

If Mehitable had been a poor gir she might have proved a genius. she could paint so cleverly as to make her rivals decidedly uneasy. But now that she found berself a lonely woman, with cruely plain silver lines over her temples and no longer any trace of the old-time dimples where the sharp knuckles now showed, her only re-source was the palette. One thing she stoutly refused to do, however, and that was to make a workshop of the old family home. Sheat last hit upon the tiny brown citage in the next and its sleeping man. square, where at the surrounding, towering residence looked in heartless disdain on the tumble-down frame house which the owner, a weak-voiced little old man, had dung to desperately n spite of all his fashionable neigh bors' scorn and the tempting offers of frantic real estate lealers. The old man had been found dead one morning that summer with the rising sun's rays trying to warm his thin, white cheeks.

Then all the residents on the square sighed in a relievel way and the shrewd real estate men began to hunt up the heirs with new proposals for the valuable bit of ground, when lo and behold! it was discovered that the poor dead owner's will was being contested by a prodigal son, and therefore the house would have to remain where it was until the question was settled. Again the fashionable square squirmed and flutted, for it was evident that no one with any self-respect would want to occupy the innocent cause of all this while there was the terrible possibility that some sacreligious laundress might rent the little brown house and mar the whole landscape with her out agecus signs and long lines of flaunting, shameless sheets and petticoats.

At this point of suspended hostilities Miss Hopkins conceived the brilliant idea of transforming the disputed property into a temporary studio, to be until the long legal quibble d end. Whereat the entire neighborhood was enthusiastically

At last it was finished, and its temporary owner held a reception to the residents of the whole square They came, one and all, and went away fairly delighted at the result. The low walls had been done in an unbroken gray-green and the floors laid soft and smooth with something a shade darker. The poor, battered woodwork now shone in a dark rich red, while the tiny window panes, formerly so pitifully cheap-looking, were now voted quaint to a degree. The chintzcovered couches were tantalizingly in-viting and the simple draperies added wonderfully to the artistic whole. And throughout it all there had not been done one thing to mar any of the old house's original charm beyond the necessary nails and braces to steady the poor little wreck.

For the first time in her life Miss

Hetty had time to be really happy, and the big family house up on the corner rarely knew her except when she crept back there at dusk to her solitary state dinner and the undis-turbed night's rest in the big, quiet character on the second floor. Cancharacter on the second floor. Canher tireless fingers, and pretty soon everybody came to recognize her works because of the inevitable old man, with a thin, pale face, who always stood out against the background of the old, slanting brown house. When she one day showed the last things she had done the whole square tip-toed, wet-eyed, out into the street again, with many a penitent promise never again to speak ill of the battered little house and its erstwhile owner. For Miss Hetty's master-piece pictured the dead, quiet face, there in the early sun, with the shadows of the morningglory vines across his high-lined fore-head and with one huge, rosy blossom trailing in at the open casement as though trying to lend some of its beautiful warmth to the wasted, pa-

tient cheek beyond.
"Now that I have so many, I think I shall try to sell them, for the orphan asylum on the next street is in sad asylum on the next street is in sad need of money, I hear. But I think I'll not paint him any more," she added. soitly, "for he's dead now, you know." And poor, fond, foolish little Miss Hetty sobbed quietly as she laid her trembling hand tenderly on the beloved canvas.

It was that same evening that Mrs. It was that same ovening that Mrs. Wilmarth brought her brother, Major Doane, to see the little collection.

Mrs. Wilmarth lived just across the street from the big Hopkins house, and Miss Hetty had always found a good deal of comfort in the bright, busy young matron. She had heard of the Majoria introded relativistic little with the street of the majoria introded relativistic little with the street of the majoria introded relativistic little with the street of the street o Major's intended visit with no little interest, for she remembered him as a tall, handsome by with a hint of a soft brown mustache and a pair of bonnie brown eyes. He had kissed her, then a white-frocked little maid of ten, as he went off to don his first gray coat at West Point. Some way the tiny, wide-eyed girl never quite forgot the beauti-ful, manly boy, although she had never seen him since, as their schools and travels had contrived to keep them apart. But she remembered very well that when she was a sweet girl graduate she was confiding in maidenly shyness to her dearest friend her ideal husband, when that friend laughed

gayly and cried:

"Why, how funny! You've been describing young Capt. Doane, who was here visiting his sister, Mrs. Wil
"All the light burned out of Miss House of the happing only the sales of

marth, only last week."
Poor Hetty blushed as red as though Poor Hetty blushed as red as though she had been really guilty, and now that the famous, dignified Major Doane had actually come to see her, tiny Miss Hetty grew pink to the tips of her little ears, until Mrs. Wilmarth found herself wondering if it could be possible that Miss Hopkins were really pretty after all. While the clear-eyed matron watched the delighted hostess and her big, handsome brother as they and her big, handsome brother as they quite forget her over their tea cups and she famous pictures, a sudden new light scame into her eyes, and the match-making spirit inherent in every happily married woman quietly began its dexterous work.

its dexterous work.

Things went on famously. It was the Major who advised that the collection of paintings be kept for a time and exhibited one day in the week for the benefit of theorphans. When Miss Hetty shrinkingly demurred, pointed out that the children would be the gainers in the end, and so she relented. That winter found the whole neighborhood in the throes of an extravagant social whirl, for there was an unsual number of pink-and-white debutantes, with the still more unusual accompaniment of handsome, eligible men. Before she knew it, Miss Hop
The law's delay has nothing to dowith the still more unusual accompaniment of handsome, eligible men. Before she knew it, Miss Hop
The law's delay has nothing to dowith the children would be the Major wore the distant hill. Until then I never realized the common peril that environs the country people. I have a poor opinion of opinions unless they come from those who is the saked, with a return of his old-time courtliness:

"I want to thank you, Miss Hetty, for you have done me the greatest favor woman ever did man. It is old-time courtliness:

"I want to thank you, Miss Hetty, for you have done me the greatest favor woman ever did man. It is old-time, country people, the country people, the more thanks and the president: "Cau you be common peril that environs the country the common peril that environs the country was enlose the prosident: "Cau you be common peril that environs the country was enlosed the president in the world, replied the president in the world, replied the president in the country people. I have a poor opinion of opin-time, denorming the country was an endown of the sate of work of the president in the world, replied the president in the country was an end of the country was an end of

Her prents handicapped her at the | kins found herself in the very midst of the mad joliity, even laying aside her all-black gowns for those with hints of violet about the throat and wrists. tea was quite perfect without the dear little artist's presence; no girl felt quite satisfied if she had not had a chat with Miss Hopkins between the dances, and even the broadshouldered, fresh-voiced boys liked to creep into the softly shaded little studio to accompany its owner home at dusk. Her Monday afternoons grew famous, and the orphans on the corner had enough new shoes and quilts and real puddings for Sunday dinners to make them everlastingly grateful to the happy hearts in the tiny brown house on the next street.

Miss Hopkins always had the prettiest girl in town to pour on these occassions and generally some one with a really good voice or an unusually skilful touch on the violin could be found to make music. Then, too, the pictures themselves could bear repeated visits, for the poor, sweet old man grew very dear to them all now that he was not there in flesh to trouble them. Furthermore, it was almost as good as going to confession to creep up, stilly and gently, before the last of them all, where Miss Hopkins always kept a bunch of fresh vio lets standing beneath the sweet little canvass, with its live morning-glories

And the best thing of it all to little Miss Hetty was the Major, the tall, courtly Major, who was so attentive to her and seemed to enjoy being with her more than any man in all her life had done. When a woman waits till she is thirty-six before she loves, the result is going to be terrible in its in-tensity. Mrs. Wilmarth saw it and tensity. Mrs. Wilmarth saw it and trembled, excepting for the fact that her brother really seemed to see no one else but Miss Hetty, except, of course, the girls—all that season's buds—who flocked about the Major because he was so different from ord.nary men. Miss Hetty knew it and held her breath. The boys and girls saw it and smiled gleefully. In fact, everybody seemed to recognize it except the man himself, who went blindly on, heaping poor, fluttering Miss Hetty with com-pliments and making open love to all the young girls who gave him his tea and sat in open-eyed admiration as he related his thrilling stories of army

life on the Western plains.

But at last even the Major knew it, and his great, manly, innocent heart fell like lead. It was one blustering evening late in the winter and that mighty military man was tramping valiantly along the street on his way to Mrs. Wilmarth's. But as he passed the little brown cottage he noticed the light within and, turning up the uneven board walk, he rang the old-fash-ioned bell bravely; for the puzzled Major had all at once made a mighty esoive, and when he once decided to do a thing he never retreated, whether t was to take an enemy's camp or to brave a woman.

Strange to say, he found Miss Hetty alone there in the warm, rosy little room, with its queer old china, glisten-ing silver, odd pictures and rich russet-bound books. The tiny little hostess saw the determination in her caller's face and sank into her deep chair, knitting her thin, beautifully kept fingers together in desperate hope and

The Major refused the proffered tea almost gruffly, thrust his hands into his pockets, tried another chair and finally strode across to the tiny low window and, with his back bravely

turned toward her, he began:
"My dear-friend, I-er-I want to ask you something to-night—I feel that we have known each other well enough for me not to be afraid now. My dear Miss-Miss Hetty," and he

little brown house rock cruelly. The open fire, against which her great, handsome Major outlined like a magnificent rock of refuge, swam before her, and her own voice seemed miles away when she finally found courage to answer: "We love with our hearts, Major,

we love with our hearts, Major, and hearts never grow old."

She saw the fine, strong face beam, and he came to her, very close, it seemed to her, although she could not have put out her hand and touched nin, and the soft lamplight fell on his beautiful silver hair like a holy benediction. Immediately her thoughts went back to that far off day of long ago, when this same hair was heavy and brown and he had kissed her. Then his voice recalled her to the

present, and she heard him say: "You can never know how glad you have made me by saying that, for there is no woman in the world whose opinion I value more. Still in all my doubt this winter I have often feared that it this winter I have often feared that it would be wrong for me to take unto me a wife. I have maybe only a very few years yet to live," he added, looking at her appealingly. And again she answered softly:
"We may hope that your years may be many. Besides, even the few years will be very dear to—to your wife."
He was standing back of her chair.

He was standing back of her chair now, with one hand so near that she felt its touch on her hair.

in a whisper, "that she loves me?"
"Do you love her?" came the reply, with a touch of coquetry never absent from the feminine heart.
"Better than all else in the world,"

came the brave rejoinder; "better, I sometimes think, than the world to

it possible for anyone to love."

The Major sprank from his place behind her and, seizing her hands, oried

joyfully: "Of my dear Miss Hetty, how do you know? Has she told you? When? Tel' me just what she said, so that I may be the happiest, proudest man on

All the light burned out of Miss Hetty's face, leaving only the ashes of hopeless devoair. Then she asked:
"She? Who?"
"Why, Kittie Harper, of course. You surely know that I meant her?"
Kittie Harper, the gayest little black-eyed debutante that had danced that season and the foremost of the flattering counttes that had practiced. flattering coquettes that had practiced their budding blandishments on the gallant old Major. "Yes, of course, I knew, but you see

I wanted to make you confess," she re-lied at last, with a laugh that would

But she could keep in no longer, and the startled Major heard first a stifled sigh, then a moan, and *t last a great, cruel sob rose to her pale, quivering lips and Miss Hetty had betrayed her-self. Major Doane staggered back and his

ace grew terribly white.
"I beg your forgiveness a thousand times, madam," he said at last in a strange, low voice, "I never dreamed until this instant." But Miss Hetty sat bolt upright in her high-backed chair, clutching the carved lion heads on its arms, and

raised to him her poor, hurt eyes, wild with desperate appeal. "Will you please go, Major Doane? And as for dreaming—you are mistaken, for there is nothing for to dream." The paper confirms dream." The ushe rose from her deep chair, still holding the lion's heads till her nails bit into the hard polish, and

"And please tell Kittle that Miss Hetty sends her—her—blessing." He closed the door behind him as gently as though there were some one

dead in the little brown cottage.

The fire in the shallow grate had dled to a low, even glow when Miss Hetty finally stirred from the high-backed chair stirred from the highbacked chair and took from its place the dear little painting of the dead owner of the house which now shel-tered her. Propping it up on the low table in front of her, she set the violets beneath and then knelt down before it, bending her tired little head to her quivering hands. The last ember on the fire turned black, the light in the rosy-shaded lamp burned lower and lower and finally flickered out. The servants up at the big house felt no apprehension at the non-appearance of its mistress, as she had told them she would spend the night with a friend further down the block. The hours crept on, the storm wrecked the little brown cottage, and dawn revealed the crooked old steps drifted high

with snow. They found her that morning, with the dim light falling icily on her tiny, gray face. Just above was the canvas with the other dead eyes and lips, but there was no gleam like the morning-glories in the sweet, pathetic, fragrant ioneliness of the violets against which the silent woman's cheek rested.

LYNCHING AS A PREVENTIVE OF CRIME, NEGRO FIENDS MAKE LIFE A

PERIL ON FARMS.

Bill Arp Justifles the Lynching of Men for Outrages Upon Women-Every Parent and Husband is an Avenger of this Crime.

I had not intended to write anything more upon lyncu law, but recent utter-ances from the press and the pulpit provoke me to say that the people of Georgia do not deserve the condemnation of friends or foes for their consent to lynchings when the crime is one that is nameless. Our peorle are as humane and law-abiding to-day as they were thirty, forty or fifty years ago, and the records of the courts prove it. In 1861 there were 216 white convicts in the penitentiary; now there are but 196, and we have a greater population. There is 50 per cent less of felonies in New York or Massachusetts, according to population. Of course, I mean among the whites. Now set that down. An Ohio paper has recently investi-gated the record of that nameless crime for the past ten years in that State and gives the figures which show 324 cases, and the regro criminals out-number the whites six to one in proportion to population. In Georgia they outnumber the whites sixty to one and it is because of our scattered and un protected population in the rural districts. Before the war that crime was unknown and almost unheard of in the South. I never heard of a case in north Georgia. In 1852 I had occasion to visit Cedar Bluff in Alabama and my companion, Judge Underwood, stopped the horse to show me a pile of stones that was heaped up around a dead and blasted tree. "Those stones," said he, "mark the place where a negro brute My dear Miss—Miss Hetty," and he wheeled about, facing her so abruptly that she almost gasped, "tell me honestly, as though you were speaking for yourself—tell me, am I too old to marry?"

That was the only case that came to my knowledge. During the strength one of my family, nor even then unless the came to my knowledge. During the strength one of my family, nor even then unless the blood of families the blood of families and meet his doom according to law. I would not take any prisoner away from an bonest and faithful sheriff—unless perhaps the victim was one of my family, nor even then unless it could be done without shedding the blood of families the months, but when it came she felt the only protectors of women and children were negroes, not a deed of violence or a betrayal of trust was heard of from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; and General Henry R. Jackson elequently said of them, "they deserve a monu-ment that would reach the stars." How is it now? Nearly 3,009 colored

convicts in the chaingangs and less than 200 whites, and the nameless crime is committed by negroes somewhere every day in the year. What is the cause of this alarming degeneracy of the negro? I heard a preacher say the other day that lynching for this crime or any other was the evidence of a deprayed and lawless public senti-ment. He is mistaken. It is rather the evidence of minds charged, perhaps overcharged, with love and respect for wives and daughters, and no man who has neither is a fit juror to try the case. He is incapable of understanding or appreciating the com-mon peril that, like a shadow, hangs over the farmer's home, be it ever so humble. Parental love is nearly all that these people have to give to their children and they give that and cher-ish them and will defend them as a tigress defends her whelps. What is the majesty of the law worth to a man whose child has fallen victim to a brute? What is it to his neighbor who all these years has been from time to time apprehending a similar visita-tion? What does a young man, wheth-It its touch on her hair.
"Do you think," he pleaded almost about it? Jean Ingelow (God bless her sweet memory!) makes the old fisher man to say: 'I feel for mariners on stormy nights and feel for wives that watch ashore." Who knows the perils of the deep like fisherman? Some of those learned judges and lawyers and preachers of Atlanta have given vent "Then," and she closed her eyes to hide the happiness in them, "then I may confess that she loves you, better, far better than she ever before thought it possible for anyone to love." with neighbors at hand on every side. What can they know of the peril of the

farmer whose wife visits a neighbor, or whose children have to go a mile away to school. Perhaps some inquiring mind will ask what do I know about it? Twent, years ago I moved from the city to the country and farmed there for ten years, and all that time the appropriatesion grew stronger and stronger, for there were negroes tal around me on the farms, and more negroes not far away working in the mines. I never expressed my fears, not even to my wife; but when our bys all left the farm for other avocations, and I had to be away most of the time, my wife became alarmed, and I immediately left the farm and moved to town for farm and moved to town for security. So did every neighbor that I had, and ourschool was broken up and the whole settlement abandoned and turned over to negro tenants. The school house was a mile away, and I used to look Lied at last, with a laugh that would have wakend any more sane man. Then she went frantically on in reply to appearance of the children's hats appearance of the children's hats

poor, trembling little hand and he laid it. It is the spontaneous outburst of his lips reverently to her cold fingers. and those emotions are and those emotions are based upon love—love for home and wife and children, love and respect for the wives and daughters of the neighbors. Lynching negroes for this crime is no evidence of law essness among our peo-ple. The crime stands out by itself as an atrocity for which no law is adequate and no remedy has yet been tound. Why it should be on the increase in defiance of lynchings we cannot tell. It may be that since the war northern philanthropy, supplemented by southern office-seekers, have so exalted his consequence and his desire for social equality that his fear of pun-Ishment has been allayed. But certain it is that the race has not yet been greatly intimidated by lynchings, and they are considered martyrs by most of their preachers and teachers and editors. How many more outrages there would be if these lynchings should stop we can only conjecture. Bishop Turner proposed a day of fasting and prayer for the deliverance of his people from these horrible lynchings. ings, but not a word about the outrages that provoke them. But it is curious and somewhat amus ing to read the different counts in this

Dooly's estimate when he said: "Gen

tiemen of the jury, I charge you that the ninety-nine guilty ones have al-ready escaped." One learned lawyer says that ltyder would certainly have been tried and convicted in September, and doubtless been speedily executed. Another says he would have been sen to the asylum as a lunatic. Judge Bleckley says the law needs no reforming—that it is right now. The Bar as-sociation have resolved that it does need reforming. One preacher quotes scripture that says "The land must not be defiled with blood," but does not give the context that says "innocent sive the context that says "innocent blood," and the further context that says "Deliver him unto the hand of the avenger of blood that he may die, and thine eye shalt not pity him." Life for life, hand for hand, etc. "Let them stone him with stones," etc. It seems like a burler que for any preacher to go to the old Mosaic law for a text against summary punishment of heinous crimes. The avenger of blood was on the warpath all the time and even the man who unwittingly killed his neigh-bor, not bating him beforehand, had to fly for his life to the city of refuge lest the avenger of blood overtake him, and being hot shall slay him. Yes, being hot shall slay him. Those avengers of blood must have been blood-thirsty fellows indeed. It was an awful code of law, but the children of Israel were an awful race to deal with. I wonder what the boys of this generation would say to a law like this: "If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son who will not obey the voice of his father or his mother, then shall his father lay hold on him and bring him to the elders and say this, our son, will not obey our voice. And all the men of the city shall stone him with stones that he die And Israel shall hear and fear ?" What a horrible death was that! And yet it was a common and a frequent punishment. If I was a preacher I wouldn't go to the Old Testament for a text against lynching. I wouldn't even quote Cain, whom the Lord marked, or it feems very certain that if the Lord had not interfered the people would have lynched him. Josephus says that the Lord protected him because of his offering and because he entreated and said: "Is my sin too great to be forgiven?"

To my mind the sum of the whole matter is that neither the law's delay nor its uncertainty has anything to do with the impulses and emotions that control men when they pursue and overtake and identify and execute a negro for his crime against helpless innocence. Every parent and husband and brother in the neighborhood immediately becomes an avenger of blood. If the brute has already been caught by the officers of the law and securely placed in prison, then let him stay there and meet his doom accord-ing to law. I would not take any prisblood of officers or friends

For all other crimes the laws we have are good enough for all good citizens, and I feel no great concern for the bad. I suppose that at least half the lawyers carry concealed weapons, but they don't carry them for me. Certain it is I wans no advice on this subject from press or puipit, from judges or law-yers, and especially from young un-married men or those who live in rock built cities. I had rather hear and heed the voice of the women of this Southern land, the mothers and daughters who alone are the victims when peril comes, if it comes at all. What lo thoy say? BILL ARP.

GRANT AS A FRIEND.

His Treatment of a Confederate Gen-

eral After the Surrender. The late General LaFayette MoLaws. f Savannah, was an intimate friend of General Grant. They were at West Point together. When General Grant was president the friends of General McLaws advised him to apply for the Savannah posteffice. One of his friends, telling of it said: General McLaws healtated to make the application, but he was fically and the same first the said of tion, but he was floally persuaded to do it. So he took the train and went north to see the president. General Grant had left Washington and was at ong Branch. He was directed to the cottage where the president was stop-ping. The ex-Confederate had some misgivings as to the manner in which Grant would greet him. They had not met in years, and the former cadet was now president of the United States and one of the great figures in the world's history. General McLaws wondered if his successos had swelled Grant's head. As he approached the cottage he saw the president sitting on the veranda with his feet on the rail. The presiwith his feet on the rail. The president was smoking one of those cigars which finally killed him, Grant looked at his visitor rather curiously as he advanced. The president had left Washington to get away from the office seekers, and it was well known that he did not want to be disturbed in his retreat. But when the Georgian reached the steps the president called out: 'Hello, Mac! Where did you come from? I am truly glad to see you. I came over here to escape from the office seekers. Pull up a chair and tell me how you have been getting along.' The greeting was so cordial despite Morals of the Bathtub.

"It is very easy to find a direct connection between the cleanliness of a people and their moral standard," writes Edward W. Bok, editorially, of "The Morals of the Bathtub," in the "Ladies' Home Journal." "Of all the external aids to a moral life none is so potent as tidiness. An untidy man or woman soon becomes a moral sloven. Let a man be careless of his surroundings, of his companionships, of his dress, of his general appearance and of his bodily habits, and it is not long before the same carelessness extends into the realm of his morals. We are all creatures of our surroundings, and we work and act as we feel. If a man lives in a home where a carelessness or untidiness in his dress is overlooked, he very soon goes from one inexactitude to another He very quickly loses himself. The moral fibre of a man, fine of itself, can soon become coarse, if the influgeneral bill of indictment against the people who resort to violence. Some assert vehemently that there is a defect in the law's machinery, and some say not. One preacher says that 98 per cent of those indicted escape. One more would come square up to ludge ence of his external surroundings is coarse. I believe thoroughly in the effect of a man's dress and habits of person upon his moral character. "I do not say that neatness of apmore would come square up to Judge

> of honor. But I do say that they are potent helps. And I would like to emphasize the importance of this to brfast admits that he is guilty belief upon the women of our homes. For it is given them to be an important factor in these helps to the betterment of the world's morality. . . The man who makes a point of keeping himself clean, and whose clothes look neat, no matter how moderate of cost they may be, works better, feels better, and is in every even apology for causing perhaps sense a better business man than his fifteen n'a loss of time that to them fellow-worker, who is disregardful was vevaluable, besides having of both his body and dress, or either. He works at a distinct disadvantage. and gonature. Everyday life is The external man unquestionably full of st such thoughtlessness, influences the internal man. I would which ses untold personal incongive far more for the work done by a man who has the invigorating moral tonic of a morning bath and the feeling of clean linen, than I would

pearance and cleanliness of person

constitute the gentleman or the man

for the work done by a man who scarcely washes, and rushes into his clothes. . . . The time spent upon our bodies is never wasted; on the contrary is time well invested. A machine of metal and steel must be clean before it can do good work. So, too, the human machine. A disregard of the body and disorder in dress soon grow into moral sloven-

IT IS A MISTARE.-To work sleep most the time, That is why when you are not in a fit condition to do so.

To take off heavy underclothing out of season simply because you have become overheated.

To think that the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become. To believe that children can do

as much work as grown people, and that the more they study the more they learn. To go to bed late at night and rise at day-break, and imagine that

every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To imagine that if a little work or exercise is good, violent or prolonged exercise is better.

To conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to steep in. To sleep exposed to a direct

draught at any season. To think any nostrum or patent eases that flesh is heir to.

To imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel imediately better -as alcoholic stimulants-is good for the system, without regard to the after effects.

To eat as if you had only a minute in which to finish the meal, or to eat without an appetite, or to continue after it has been satisfied merely to gratify the taste.

To give unnecessary time to a certain established routine of housekeeping when it could be much more profitably spent in rest or re-

For the washing of blankets let there be in readiness plenty of very warm water and of soap. If the water is hard, soften with borax or some good preparation, and make a strong suds. Soap should not be rubbed on the blankets. Wash until thoroughly clean, then rinse through at least two waters of the same temperature as the soap-suds water. If any soapiness remains about them, they will be sticky and disagreeable to the touch. Dry in the sun.



The young married couple who are crowned with good health are really a king and queen. They are possessed of an armor that enables them to withstand all the hardships did not want to be disturbed in his retreat. But when the Georgian reached the steps the president called out: Hello, Mac! Where did you come from? I am truly glad to see you. I came over here to escape from the office seekers. Pull up a chair and tell me how you have been getting along." The greeting was so cordial, despite the remark about the office seekers, that General McLaws found it an easy matter to bring up the Savannab post office, and announced his application for appointment as postmaster. General Grant said that he should have it and that he could rest perfectly easy on that score. Then they talked about their boyhood days and the war and their experiences. In some respects the two men were alike. Neither had the faculty for accoumulating money, General McLaws conlossed that he did not have it, and addressed the question seriously to the presidency. General McLaws conlossed that he did not have it, and addressed the question seriously to the president: 'Caa you tell me, General, how to make money?' My dear Mac, I have not the slightest idea in the world,' replied the president was an easy totim for schemers, who used him in swindling schemes, which he thought were honest until their dishonesty was exposed. When General McLaws returned to Savannah her for wifehood and motherhood. It was an easy totim for schemers, who used him in swindling schemes, which he thought were honest until their dishonesty was exposed. When General McLaws returned to Savannah her sead and included and motherhood. It is the great with the form which a some and suffer. They will be bused from the dishonesty was exposed. When General holes are sold at all good medical properties and important organist the burdens of wifehood and motherhood. It was a man and the fact of the presidency he was an easy totim for schemers, who used him in swindling schemes, which he thought were honest until their dishonesty was exposed. When General holes are sold at all good medical properties and important organist and medicines are sold at all

ROYA

Absolutely Pure. brated for its great leavening stath and healthfulness. Assures thad against alum and all forms of iteration common to the cheap

YAL BAKING POWDER Co., New York.

GER PEOPLE'S CONVENIENCE -Wught to think of other people'invenience more than we generalb. The home is the place where this jughtfulness should begin to be cwated. One who comes late of amiable self-indulgence, but forgehat he has marred the harmonicflow of the household life and sed confusion and extra comme is kept waiting ten minutfor one tardy member, who comes intering in at last, without put a t strain on their patience veniencand oft-time hurts the hearts oriends .- Churchman.

ADVANGE OF SLEEP .- In reply to the oxion, Is it wise for a man to deny self and get along with a few ho sleep & day, to do more work? sla, the great electrician, is said tonve replied : "That is a great mke, I am convinced. A man has it so many hours to be awake, at the fewer of these he uses up caday the more days they will last-at is, the longer he will live. I heve that a man might live two hared years if he would negroes of live to advanced old age, becaushey sleep so much. It is said thatadstone sleeps seventeen hours ery day; that is why his facultiere still unimpaired in spite of higreat old age. The proper way economize life is to sleep every ment that is not necessary or deable that you should

-The man o always acts just as he feels seldotets wisely. -The tongul the tattler is always tipped with vin

-The devivill dance a jig any ime to see tworistains quarrel.

CHALESTON

Western Calina Railway Co.

Augusta and heville Short Line Schedule in act Feb. 7, 1896.

Lv Augusta..... 9 40 am

Ar Greenwood12 17 pm	- 22
Anderson	0.10
Laurens 1 15 pm	6 10 pm
Greenwille 115 pm	7 00 am
Greenville 3 00 pm	10 15 am
Glenn Springs, 405 pm	
Spartanburg 3 00 pm	9 25 an
Saluda 5 23 pm	****
Hendersonville, 5.51 pm	
Asheville 7 00 pm	
Lv Asheville 8 20 am	
Spartanburg 11 45 pm	
Glenn Springs. 0 00 am	4 00 pm
Greenville 1 50 am	
Laurana	4 00 pm
Laurens 1 30 pm	7 00 pm
Anderson 2 28 pm	7 00 am
Greenwood 2 28 pm	
Ar Augusta 00 pm	11 16 am
Ly Spartanburg	11 45 am
Greenville	11 50 an
Ar Clinton	2 10 pm
Newberry	2 57 pm
Prosperity	3 13 pm
Columbia	4 30 pm
Sumter	6 40 pm
Charleston	6 42 pm
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	9 30 pm
Ly Charleston	7 00 am
Sumter	9 35 am
Columbia	11 00 am
Trosperity	11 58 am
New Derry	12 10 pm
CHIIIOH	12 50 pm
Ar Greenville	3 00 pm
Spartanburg	3 00 pm
LV Augusta	2 55 pm
Ar Allendale	5 00 pm
Fairfax	5 15 mm

v Charleston..... 6 59 am Savannah
Port Royal 6 bm
Beaufort 7 bm
Yemassee 3 bm
Fairfax
Allendale.
Augusta

Ar Augusta......

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ATLANTIC COAS LINE PASSENGER DEPARTENT. Wilmington, N. O., Jan. 3/h, 1897

Qoing No.	West.	oing Eas:
7 00am	Ly Charleston .	No. 53.
8 26	Lanes	
9 35	Sumter	
10 55	Ar Columbia.	. 6 35
11 58	Prosperity	· V 5 15
12 10pm	Nowheres	3 13
12 50	Newberry	
1 15	Unition	
2 33	Laurens	4 40
3 04	Greenwood	100
5 10	Abbeville	
7 45	Athen, Ga	
	Atlanta	
6 15pm	Winnsboro, B. C	· 11 41an
8 20	Charlotte, N. C	9 35
3 35pm	Ar Anderson, S. C	Lv11 05an
4 20	Greeenville	10 80
3 10	Spartanburg	11 45
6 03	Hendersonville N.	C. 9 15
7 00	Asheville, N. C.	820
through Atlanta	ty. 52 and 53 Solid tra 53 and 53 Solid tra 54 con and Columbia, S. 55 coach between Chr. 56 H. M. EMERSO Ass't Gen'l Passen 57 Manager. Traffic	C., an arr

TO GET RID OF FLIES .- There are many remedies given whereby the house may be rid of flies. Almost as numerous are they as the little pests we see feed upon them and thrive; but the butchers and dairymen of Switzerland claim that the oil of bay rubbed on their shelves and about the walls rids their stalls and dairies of flies. It is also used in Paris to protect the chandeliers and picture frames from specking. This simple preventive may be had from any drugstore, is inexpensive and said to be effectual.

FARM PROVERBS .- Fault-finding is a fault.

No man is wise, who does not know God. They who live for self cannot be

satisfied. He who does not know God is a stranger to himself. It is easier to set up a mark than

Failure is often the most imporant step toward success.

t is to hit it.

The quality of our spectacles often determines our estimate of thers.

WHEN MONEY IS CLOSE You want to save doctor bills thenfor you want the Best, Surest and Quickest Remedy for all pains, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Sprains, Stiff Joints, etc. Rice's Goose Grease Liniment cures all these at once. It also relieves Croup, Colds, work. How often an important Coughs and Pains in chest and sides at Coughs and Pains in chest and sides at once. Always sold under a guarantee by all druggists and general stores. Made by Goose Grease Liniment Co., Greensboro, N. C.

> SOUTHERN KAILWAY. Condensed Schedule in Effect



Trains 9 and 10 carry elegant Pulices desping cars between Columbia and Ashaville proute daily between Jacksonville and Christ asti.
Trajas leave Spartanburg, A. & O. divistes
corthbound, 0.42 a.m., 8:47 p.m., 0:18 p.m.
(Vestibul's Limited); southbound 18:38 a.m.
8:15 p.m., 11:35 a.m., Vestibule Limited.)
Trajas leave Greenvije, A. and O. divistor
corthbound, 5:45 a.m., 2:38 p.m. and 8:30 p.m.
(Vestibuleti Limited); southbound, 1:28 a.m.
6:30 p.m. 18:35 p.m. (Vestibuled Limited.) and C. Civision. THE LAURENS BAR. W. H. MARTIN, Attorney at Law,

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PERDMONT ALL LINE. Condinged Schadule of Passenger Trains

In Infant May 2, 1807.						
Northbound.	No.13 Duits	Von. No. 36 Dally.	No. 18 Pix. 18011.	No.		
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	44.					

Pat. \$1) Ves. No. 35 No. 57 Dally, Dally. 12 55 p 2 00 a 2 40

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